

My Sweet Rose, Wont You Cry Me A Lullaby

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My Sweet Rose, Wont You Cry Me A Lullaby

by [SlutForS8n](#)

Summary

After a while of keeping it to himself, George finally tells dream about his secret... maybe he reacted better than he'd thought.

Or

George gets a tongue piercing and gives dream a blowjob.

Title is from Narcissism Rose by Ewy. I love their music so I would recommend.

Notes

Hi!! I'm back. I am obsessed with piercing fics now. I wanna write a sapnotfound one but idk what piercing I'd give sapnap. Give me suggestions thanks <3

Set in England because I'm English and i don't know how American shit works.

Also, I have a beta reader!! [Blackberry](#) My beloved. <3

George was finally gonna show Dream.

He had managed to avoid streaming for around a week with the excuse of some mysterious illness while he waited for the swelling to go down and had pretty much stuck to texting the blonde boy due to his 'sore throat'.

But now he had had a smaller piercing put in, opting for a small, black barbell that clicked against his teeth and as he took a deep breath, he decided that he was finally ready to tell Dream.

He ran a hand through his hair, making sure it looked okay in his webcam before he hit the video call option, resting his elbows on his desk with his chin in his hands while he listened to the repetitive dial tone, the oversized hoodie covering his fingers concealed his mouth.

After a few rings, Dream picked up, George watching the other leant back in his chair as he finished the glass of water in his hand and placed it on the desk.

"What's up, Georgie," the blonde asked, an easy smile on his face as he looked at George through the screen.

"I need to show you something," George muttered, feeling his face heat up as Dream pulled off his hoodie, noting that it was, in fact, George's own merch, before settling back into his chair with his eyebrows pulled together.

"Whatcha got to show me?"

George took a deep breath before pulling his hands from his face, poking out his tongue and watching closely for Dream's reaction.

The younger boy's eyes widened as his face went slack, eyes glued to the metal as George pulled his tongue back into his mouth, letting the piercing get caught on his teeth as he closed them over his tongue.

"When did you get that?" He immediately questioned, not pulling his eyes away from the brunette's

mouth, "I thought you were sick?"

"I lied. I was waiting for the swelling to go down," George smirked, as he stuck his tongue all the way back out, "do you like it, Dream?"

Like it?

Dream was fucking *obsessed*.

The minute George had stuck his tongue out he could feel himself getting progressively more uncomfortable in his tight jeans with the mental image of it stuck out in other, more inappropriate, scenarios that he'd been dreaming of for weeks.

Thoughts of George licking all the way up the underside of his cock as he let the metal ball of the barbell drag along the thick vein were making Dream so unbelievably worked up.

"Yeah. It's pretty," was all he could manage to spit out, inwardly cringing as how awkward and scratchy his voice sounded before clearing his throat and finally letting his eyes meet George's.

"Just pretty?" The older boy purred, something playful in his eyes, "tell me more."

Dream tried to swallow down the lump in his throat as he thought of what to say.

"It's... different. The colour is cool, I like the black, it contrasts nicely," Dream forced a smile and tried to joke as he attempted to push away the dirty thoughts, "you'd look badass if you weren't such a submissive bitch."

And George's jaw dropped.

A bitch? George could feel himself almost laughing.

"Oh, Dreamie, I could make you beg for me," George didn't know where this was coming from but the comfort of just knowing that he could make Dream crumble was helping him to fall into it

much easier than anticipated, "could ruin you for anyone else."

Dream's eyes were wide as he tried to keep his composure, scoffing, "oh yeah? Georgie, you couldn't dominate a fly."

"Want a bet?"

The look on the older boy's face was daring, almost tempting.

"Oh, absolutely"

And who was Dream, if not a gambling man.

"Bed, now. I'll be over in five. Don't move or touch yourself. I'll know if you do and being disobedient is just gonna pull you further from what you want," George paused, searching Dream's face for any sign of discomfort, "Dream are you okay with this?"

The blonde nodded, chewing on his bottom lip roughly.

"I need words, baby."

"Yes, George, I'm okay with this," he huffed as he rolled his eyes. The only thoughts running through Dream's head were about the older boy. Sure, the piercing was nice but just the idea of George was almost enough for him.

"Take that tone again and you'll fucking regret it. Bed, now. I won't ask again."

And with that, George had ended the call and let himself breathe.

Okay....

So this was happening.

He ran a hand through his hair before pulling on a pair of trainers and walking out his front door.

Taxis weren't hard to find in this part of town and George had never been more grateful for the impolite silence from the driver.

He sat in the unwavering quiet as the car drove to Dream's place, paying with a small "*thanks*" before the black cab pulled away and he took a breath, opening the door without a word.

"I'm here, Dream," he shouted as he took off his shoes and trailed through the decent sized apartment, a smile pulling at his lips as he got a muffled "*bedroom*" in reply.

He wandered over, taking his time to stare at the apartment. He knew it like the back of his hand having literally spent most of his life fucking around in Dream's apartment. He pushed open the door to the large room and slammed it closed behind him, finding Dream led on the bed shirtless, eyes closed as his face pointed towards the ceiling.

"Hi baby."

"Hi George."

It went quiet as George let his hands drift over the taller boy's body, his palm eventually landing on his cheek as he pulled the blonde in for a kiss.

"So..." George asked, his eyes shining with something devious. "Want a blowjob?"

"Oh, absolutely."

The older boy laughed at the excitement in Dream's own eyes, watching as he quickly moved to pull down his shorts before George stopped him.

"Don't fucking touch. What did I say?"

The reaction from Dream was instantaneous, hands immediately moving to grip the bed sheets and his eyes locking with George's.

"Sorry."

"Good boy," The brunette whispered, his smile growing as he heard the quiet moan fall from Dream's lips, "oh, a praise slut, huh?"

Dream nodded shortly before huffing out a breath, "Yeah, like it when you call me good. Makes me feel special."

George could feel his fucking heart melting. The way that Dream was just so open and trusting of George like this was making him weirdly emotional.

"You are special, baby," The older smiled as he slowly tugged Dream's shorts down along with his boxers, "my good boy."

The blonde could feel himself twitching in the cold air, every touch, every praise, doing almost inexplicable things to Dream. He felt like he was floating, George's hands on his hips and the small kisses being placed along his sternum were almost heavenly.

"George, I need you," the blonde begged, squeezing his thighs together as he threw his head back, "real fucking bad."

"Yeah?" George questioned as he ran a hand down Dream's chest, stopping to flick at his right nipple, for which Dream gifted him a loud moan in return, "Beg for it."

Dream's face dropped and his cheeks tinted red, eyes staring at the ceiling to avoid meeting George's own, "I'm not... I don't know how. I've never really done anything like this before with me on the sub end..."

"Well, just tell me what you want. Relax and let me take care of you."

Dream shuffled softly to get comfortable before looking back at George, "I want... I want you to make me feel good. I want you to protect me... and make me cum..."

The brunette smiled as he rubbed his thumb over Dream's bottom lip, and it only grew when he felt Dream pull it into his mouth.

Dream had never really been a sub.

He had had exactly one boyfriend and two girlfriends, all of which preferred when he was dominant so he just never questioned it, but now, seeing George over him, praising him and getting him off while Dream sucked on his fingers was honestly amazing. He felt like he was being taken care of.

"Oh, you're so good for me," George smiled as he pressed a soft kiss to the blonde's hip before he began slowly pumping his cock, listening to the breathy moans that escaped Dream's lips.

"Feels good," the younger boy whispered as he felt his hips twitch forward, "George."

The way his name fell from the other's mouth made the brunette groan, "God, you're so well behaved. Look at your pretty thighs," he whispered, "shaking for me like a bitch."

Dream's head fell back as he pulled roughly at George's hair.

"Hands." he reminded him gently.

"George," he groaned, just pulling harder.

"Hands!" The brunette demanded, watching the blonde immediately moving his hands down to rest on the bed.

He felt George laugh softly before George dragged his tongue piercing up the underside of Dream's cock.

The feeling of the warm metal running along the thick vein was making him more than happy to let out quiet moans. As George drew up he let his tongue flick over the head, chuckling at the high pitched whine the younger let out.

"Tell me what you want. Tell me all your dirtiest secrets," George whispered before he went back to Dream's cock, taking it down as far as he could before his nose hit his happy trail and he used his tongue to lick back up with the piercing.

"I want, fuck, I want you to ride me. To tie my hands to the bed and use me. Let me fill you up until your stomach bulges," Dream whimpered, far too caught up in pleasure to even register what he was saying, "god, fuck, I want you to make me cry."

Dream's hips began thrusting up off of the bed as George began pumping even faster with his hand, using his thumb to rub over the head.

"I'm gonna cum, George."

The brunette ducked his head down before taking the tip back into his mouth and rubbing it over the head, hearing the loud moan that tore from Dream's throat as he came, painting the inside of George's mouth white.

The older boy stood up on shaky legs and crawled over Dream prying his mouth open with a thumb and letting the spit-mixed-cum drip into his mouth, the blonde swallowing without a single complaint.

George let himself fall onto the blonde's chest as he heard a light, breathless chuckle escape the taller boy.

"I think you just sucked out my fucking soul."

"Yeah? Not so much of a submissive little bitch now, am I?"

Dream smirked, "well..."

George lifted himself up slowly to meet the blonde's eyes.

"I just spat your own cum into your mouth and made you swallow it after you told me that you wanted me to tie you up and use you until you cried."

Dream's face paled.

"Shut up."

"No."

George moved his hand up to cup Dream's face.

"You know I love you, yeah?" He whispered as the blonde's eyes softened, "like... a lot."

"I know. I love you too."

George pressed a kiss to Dream's nose.

"Does this mean that we're like... dating now?"

George stifled a laugh, "oh, please. We were practically dating anyway."

Dream hummed in agreement as he felt himself quickly relax, the soft drag of the older boy's thumb on his cheek lulling him to sleep.

End Notes

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